

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1918

No. 4

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 4.

THE FOURFOLD ASPECT	33
PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING	33
THE STILL HOUR	36
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	37
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
SCHOOLROOM ETHICS	38
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
LITTLE SHEPHERD DOGS	39
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—	
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER	39
LETTERS FROM A SOLDIER IN FRANCE	41
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	43
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	44
IMPORTANT NOTICES	44

THE FOURFOLD ASPECT.

Pray, pray thou who also weepst,
And the drops will slacken so,
Weep, weep!—and the watch thou
keepest,

With a quicker count will go.
Think! the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun!
Look, look up, in starry passion,
To the throne above the spheres;
Learn! the spirit's gravitation

Still must differ from the tear's.
Hope! with all the strength thou usest
In embracing thy despair.

Love! the earthly love thou lovest
Shall return to thee more fair.
Work! make clear the forest-tangles
Of the wildest stranger-land.

Trust! the blessed deathly angels
Whisper, "sabbath hours at hand!"
By the heart's wound when most gory,
By the longest agony,

Smile!—Behold in sudden glory
The TRANSFIGURED smiles on thee!

And ye lifted up your head, and it seemed
as if He said,

"My Beloved, is it so?

Have ye tasted of my woe?—

Of my Heaven ye shall not fail!"—

He stands brightly where the shade is,

With the keys of death and Hades,

And there, ends the mournful tale.

—*E. B. Browning.*

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

"Perfect through suffering."—*HEDREWS ii. 10.*

Why does evil exist? Why all the suffering
in the world? Why is there such a
thing as physical pain? Consider all the
sufferings of animals, of infants; the tor-
tures inflicted by disease, by accident, by
cruelty! Think of the horrors of war, the
agonies of the tens of thousands of battle-
fields since the world began! Then think
of moral suffering, from sin, from tyranny,
intemperance, cruelty, hatred; from dis-
appointment, anxiety, fear; from falsehood,
licentiousness, dishonesty; from shame and
remorse! Think of the suffering endured
because of the inevitable death, the separa-
tion of parents and children, husbands and
wives, friends!

No wonder, in looking at these things,
one's heart may often sink within him, and
he may say, "How can God be almighty and
all good, since he has made a world so full
of evil?"

I suppose that no thoughtful person has
ever passed many years without asking this
question. This is the dark shadow which
rests on our human life; the great enigma
which, in our attempts to understand and
explain it, palsies our intellect.

Some persons seek an explanation in a
limitation of the Divine power. They say
there is evidence enough of the benevolence
of the Creator in the many contrivances to
give pleasure to animals and men; in the joy
attached to life. God has connected happi-
ness with work, knowledge, affection; with
the exercise of our powers. Man has been
made to hope, to imagine, to remember; and
there are the pleasures of hope, of imagina-
tion, of memory. Life is made sweet, and
the coming of death is concealed. All this
shows that the Creator is good, and delights
in giving joy to his creatures. Pain, there-

fore, must come from the necessities of creation, because without evil you cannot have good; without the possibility of wrong there can be no virtue. A finite being like man must needs be limited in knowledge, therefore liable to err; limited in power, therefore often unable to do as he ought; limited in goodness, and so liable to fall into sin. Unless God made us infinite, like himself, he could not make us free from evil. Such is the explanation given by Plato and by John Stuart Mill.

But this solution fails of accounting for the suffering, which might certainly have been prevented if the Creator had so willed. Why was not the whole body made incapable of pain? Some men and women are by nature so full of kindness, truth, and conscience that they make those around them happy; why might not all have been made so? Certainly the wisdom and power we now see in creation might easily have prevented, had God so willed, a large part at least, if not all, of the sufferings of men.

Shall we then say that God is indifferent to the woes of his creatures; that he sits apart, like the gods of Olympus, careless of what is going on below? This is the momentary feeling of many sufferers. "God does not see," they say, "or he does not care, for what I endure. I cry aloud, and he does not hear; I stretch forth my hand, and he takes no notice." But the answer to this doubt is to be found in the thousand provisions made for human happiness, improvement, growth. If God did not care for us, why did he make all these arrangements?

We see the world advancing upward and onward under the providence of God. We see indefinite provisions made for human progress; powers of invention lodged in the brain; a curiosity which never tires of searching into the secrets of nature; ambition which causes men to put forth all their energies in order to excel. What does all this mean, but that the Creator intends us to rise to greater heights of excellence?

How easy it would have been, if God did not care for us, to have left out of life the instinctive joy of childhood, the satisfactions of knowledge, the content which comes from struggle and success! How gray and cold the world would have been without the beauty of sky and land, ocean and forest, the changing seasons, the glories of sunrise and sunset! How tame might life have been left without poetry, romance, love's young dream, the tenderness of home, the throbbing pulse of hero-

ism, the noble deeds of philanthropy, the saintly life and the martyr's grave! The Creator has arranged all this in the hidden mysteries of human nature and its adaptation to the earth. He cannot, then, be indifferent to our welfare.

Therefore both of these explanations of evil founded on the assumption that God had not the power or had not the will to prevent it break down before the facts around us.

Others tell us that evil is an accident which will one day be outgrown; that its source is in human ignorance; that when we come to know the laws of nature, and to obey them, evil will cease. When we understand the laws of health, disease will disappear; when we know the social laws and obey them, poverty and crime will be at an end. But this theory, which identifies evil with ignorance, does not consider the fact that those who know the right often do what is wrong, and the other fact that a large part of the evils of life could not be prevented by any amount of knowledge. No doubt increasing knowledge will prevent many evils; but it cannot save us from the two monsters who sat at the gates of Milton's hell, Sin and Death.

The course of our thought has, I think, brought us to this result—that evil is not an accident, that it is part of the plan of creation, and as coming from an infinite Perfect Being it cannot be an imperfection. In short, we must believe that evil is to result in a higher good, is a part of good, and that when we understand the whole, evil as evil must disappear. Evil is the material out of which good is to be made, as the blackest charcoal may be transformed into the most brilliant diamond.

To some extent we can already see how the evils of this life are being constantly transformed into good.

I have seen a young girl who from childhood had never been able to run about with her playmates, but had been an invalid confined to her bed of pain for many years. But what patience, what sweetness had been developed by this long trial! How it had drawn toward her the sympathy of others and prompted a thousand acts of kindness, awakening affectionate gratitude in return! Physical weakness had been transmuted in this laboratory of suffering into angelic virtues, into the graces which make the joy of heaven here and heaven hereafter—patient submission to the Divine will, trust in the fatherly love of God, con-

fidence in human sympathy. These were the tender flowers which grew out of that dark soil of sorrow.

Some experience of evil seems to be the necessary condition of the development of the greatest qualities of the human soul. Lovely is the gayety of childhood; sweet the charm of youth, full of hope, unconscious of the dark hours to come! But, in order that the light graces of childhood may pass into the strength of manly devotion to right, trial must come, difficulty must be encountered, sorrow endured. The soul which has not suffered has not the depth of conviction and solidity of purpose which turn the boy into a man. Take pain and trial out of life, and human nature would lose the heroic element and the earnestness of its convictions. And a great thinker has told us that without earnestness life has no real satisfaction. The days of history which have produced heroes, saints, and martyrs have been those of stormy conflict, terrible endurance, when men have resisted unto death striving against sin. Without Tilly and Wallenstein, no Gustavus Adolphus; without the persecutions of Alva, no William of Orange; without the tyranny of Charles, no Hampden; without the obstinacy of George the Third, no Washington.

Shelley says that

"Wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in
song."

So the manly strength of the verse of Burns, which came like a fresh breeze into English literature, was largely the result of his struggle with poverty, his lonely effort, his proud independence of human aid. So the deep pathos in the strain of Cowper was born out of the anguish of his broken heart:

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was heard the deathless singing—
O Christians! to your cross of hope
A hopeless hand is clinging!

"O men! a man in brotherhood,
Your kindred paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he gave you light,
And died while you were smiling."

The solemn inspiration of Milton came to him when he had fallen on evil days and tongues; the celestial light shone in upon his heart when he sat in darkness, and when nature's works were a blank, and he saw neither the coming day, nor the

summer's rose, nor the human face divine. And while Dante wandered an exile from his dear Florence a sad, stern, lonely man, there descended into his soul that song which has lifted all poetry to a higher level.

Thus, amid disaster and ruin, misery and woe, are born the noblest virtues which adorn humanity. Theodor Körner says that, as the grape must be crushed before the wine can come from it, so before an angel can ascend to heaven, a human heart must break on earth. Amid the terrors of a ruined people carried into captivity, their sacred city burned to the ground, arose the majestic voices of the Jewish prophets, the grandeur of whose inspiration is still sounding through all times and all lands. The resistance to reform by the Roman Church gave to us the heroic soul of Luther, and the cruel rancor of Jewish bigots and persecutors made the greatness of Paul yet greater. Tried as by fire, he rose superior to trial—"in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as poor yet making many rich, as having nothing and yet possessing all things."

But the most remarkable evidence that suffering is needed for the highest development of character is to be found in our text and other passages of the same epistle, which tell us that Jesus himself was "made perfect through suffering," and that, "though a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things he suffered;" and that "having suffered being tempted, he was able to succor those who are tempted."

The doctrine of this passage has been singularly overlooked by theologians. That the soul of Christ himself needed suffering for its perfect development is inconsistent with the theology which has prevailed in the Church. Everything except this has been taught as the object of Christ's sufferings. He suffered, we are told, to pay our debt; he was punished in our place; he made atonement for sin; his sufferings were accepted as a substitute for ours. These views have been frequently taught. But the distinct and positive meaning of the passage has been passed by. It plainly says that the sufferings of Jesus were a necessary part of his own education, and were necessary to enable him to sympathize with other sufferers. He can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities because he has been tempted like ourselves.

This is a gleam of light thrown into

the dark mystery of evil. He, the one pure human soul, the resplendent image of a Father's love; he, gifted above all other men with human and divine qualities; even he needed to suffer for his own perfection. To all the sufferers of earth he says, "I could not have become your helper unless I also had passed through this sanctuary of sorrow. I, too, needed this in order to attain the power of helping a struggling world to rise, and doing what I have done for mankind."

See, then, how true it is that God chastens us, not for his pleasure, but our profit, that we may partake of his holiness. When we are tried by deepest sorrow, when the dearest of friends leave our side, when we are left lonely and forlorn, the head sick and the whole heart faint; when we are misunderstood and misrepresented; when, in the evening, we say "Would God it were morning!" and in the morning "Would God it were evening!" then remember that these sharp trials are to purify and elevate; to give strength, depth, and nobility of spirit; to enable you to be a help and blessing to others. As the volcanic fires have changed metamorphic rock into gems and precious stones, so these fiery trials have been sent by an infinite tenderness, and are the highest proof of your father's love. When Mr. Emerson lost his darling boy, Waldo, his aunt Mary came to him, and, taking him by the hand, said, "The Lord must love you very much, since he probes you so deeply."

People speak of the inevitable death as the black shadow which darkens life. Think of it rather as the solemn angel who waits to lift us to a higher plane of being. It is a blessing to die when the time comes. Death is always drawing near to us, yet never seeming near, to the end that it may not interrupt our present work, and yet may keep us always reminded of an infinite world of wonder and beauty beyond the world of time and sense.

But what of sin? That is the sting of death and the sting of life. It is that which gives the real gloom to our days, which makes a hell in the midst of the present life, which shuts out the love of God, which degrades the human soul below the level of the brute. How can there be any real good in that?

There is no good in sin; but even sin may be the means of transforming the soul, by penitence and faith, into something divine. The pardoning love of God, as

Jesus has revealed it, creates an answering love like no other. Where sin has abounded, grace does yet more abound. This, too, is the charcoal which becomes a diamond. David's sin has given to us the most wonderful of the penitential psalms; Peter's sin produced in his soul, formerly so weak and changeable, a stability of faith and courage which marched straight on to martyrdom without fear. How many have been taught to pray for the first time by the sense of sin. Out of the depths of that dreadful shame they cry to God, and he knows them, and sends into their hearts the tender sense of his fatherly love. This is the motive which the apostle appeals to as the strongest reason for Christian fidelity, "Be ye kind to one another, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ has forgiven you." The goodness which is original in Christianity is the power of forgiving and loving the sinful, because God has forgiven our sin, and loved us when we were sinners. "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be the children of your Father in heaven, who lets his sun rise on the evil and the good, and sends his rain on the just and the unjust." "Forgive," says Jesus, "that ye may be forgiven. Forgive, too, because ye have been forgiven."

There is no perfect solution to be found here of the mystery of evil. This like the other insoluble mysteries, like the conflict between fate and freedom, like the union of soul and body, point to another life. The problem is given us now, its solution awaits us beyond. But this at least we see—that God out of evil still educes good, and that in Christian experience we find the knowledge that sin is the greatest of evils, and yet through penitence it may become the means of receiving that divine grace which shall bring us into tender communion with God and with each other.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

Lord! can this weak world sore wound us?

When such balm thy grace doth pour?

Lord! can want and woe confound us,

When thou givest of thy store,—

When thou offerest,—

Perfect peace forevermore?

Thou alone thine own grace lendest:
 Lord! from thee this peace of thine!
 Secretly thy peace thou sendest,
 Softly seekest some meek shrine!
 Sweetly makest
 Some sad, striving soul divine.

Of the raging world they hear not
 Whom thy sweet peace singeth to:
 Warfare with the world they fear not
 Whom thy strong peace doth renew.
 Mighty meek ones!
 Perfect peace exalteth you.

Highest thought this peace transcendeth;
 Sages here have nought to tell;
 Yea! the awful glory blendeth
 With the things ineffable.
 Seraphs speak not
 The deep peace they know full well.

Yet this peace that thought confoundeth
 Is of simplest souls possessed;
 Yet this awful grace aboundeth
 With thy least and lowliest:
 Meanest mansion
 Boasteth oft the Heavenly Guest.

Oh, this sweet and sure possession!
 Oh, this thought—o'erwhelming deep!
 Seraphs hail the widening vision—
 Feeble saints the comfort keep:
 Lord, we crave it—
 In thy peace our spirits steep.

—*Anonymous.*

The path of progress for each individual soul lies along this highway of hope. This is the way of salvation. Until we attain this divine hope in the supremacy and ultimate triumph of good in the universe we are lost souls, dead souls,—dead while we seem to live. Without hope there is no spring of vital power in the human heart which carries life forward. A man having no faith in providence, in the love of God, in human progress, in immortality, may be, indeed, a conscientious, honest, and good man. But his goodness is without enthusiasm, with no magnetic power, with no force to create life in other souls. But with hope at the centre of the soul all things become alive. As these summer days have roused all nature to a green and growing vitality, so, when hope enters the soul, it makes all things new. It insures the progress which it predicts. Rooted in faith, growing up into love,—these make three immortal graces of the gospel whose con-

current voices shed joy and peace over all our human life.

... Let us believe in the great laws by which good is born evermore out of evil, and life out of death. Let us trust and hope, and look forward, and work on. O broken hearts, weighed down with unutterable grief, look up, and see that the Lord reigns; that a wisdom, so mighty as to be inexplicable to us now, is sweeping on to the vast issues of eternity. We are too happy in being permitted to live; to be spectators of this great panorama; to be actors with God on this divine stage of being. Be thankful for each day. Be patient with what seems the delay in the progress of truth, the advance of Christianity, the triumph of justice, the development of the human race.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

REQUESTS.

1. I am writing this for my mother, who has been sick since March. She is better now, but is not able to do much but crochet; so she asks your aid in the way of papers and magazines. Address Mrs. M. B. Taylor, R. D. 1, Magnolia, North Carolina.

2. Mr. W. J. Heath, Strawn, Texas, Brad. Co., is anxious to receive Gibbon's "Rome" and Rollin's "Ancient History."

3. Winifred Trevey, Snowden, Virginia, wishes to receive a dictionary and any magazine. Fannie L. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, asks for magazines and music.

4. I thank one and all for past favors. I have not received any reading matter for some time; should greatly appreciate books and magazines, and also quilt pieces, and bits of crochet thread for my girls. My baby girl would like a post-card shower on her birthday, July 6. (The birthday may be kept on September 6 instead of July 6.—

Ed.) Address Mrs. Sarah M. Thomas, Dodson, Virginia.

5. I should appreciate it very much if some one would send me the book "Maid Marjory," by L. G. Moberly; also any other good books and magazines. We live in a lonely place, and my husband and I enjoy reading very much. Address Mrs. T. W. Greene, Blakely, R. D. 7, Georgia.

6. *Popular Mechanics* is asked for by Claud Norman, East Flat Rock, Box 152, North Carolina.

7. Clemmie Richardson, now of Marshville, North Carolina, Route 4, Box 59, asks for light reading.

8. I thank all the friends who have sent me reading through the *Cheerful Letter*. I should like graded lessons in Arithmetic; also the book "English Orphans" and any other good reading, either books or magazines. Address Mrs. Grace Hayes, Box 13, Weldona, Colorado.

9. Mrs. C. W. Foley, Elamsville, Virginia, Route 1, will be glad of pictures for the children, and *Ladies' Home Journal* for herself.

10. Mrs. Helen A. Jones, 32 Laxton Street, Utica, New York, would appreciate a good book.

11. Mrs. C. J. Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia, mother of two boys and ten girls, will be grateful for magazines or books.

12. I thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the reading matter sent me and my little boy during the past year. I appreciate it more than I can tell. I have moved from Manchester, North Carolina. My address now is 1006 South Fifth Street, Wilmington, North Carolina. So, if any one is still sending me reading, please send to this address. I should appreciate it very much if some of the readers would send their 1918 *Pictorial Review*. I enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* so much; think it has the right name, surely. Mrs. Daniel A. Munroe.

13. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Thornville, Ohio, Route 5, a helpless, bed-ridden invalid, confined to her bed, and a great sufferer, lives in the country, and gets so lonely she would be much pleased if some friend would send her the book "Shirley," by Charlotte Brontë; also books of any kind, letters, cards; or just anything to help her pass the time away. She also

sends many thanks to all the friends that have remembered her in the past.

14. Miss Effie Hall, care of Mrs. B. J. Hall, Harrisville, Virginia, asks for magazines.

15. I come again asking for any kind of religious papers suitable for myself. I belong to the Brethren Church. My pastor is the Rev. W. A. Elgin, Charity, Virginia. I am fifty-eight years old the twenty-fifth of next October. I sprained my wrist the tenth of last January and am not able to do much yet, and I get very lonely. My children are all married and I seldom see them. Address Mrs. Statira Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia.

The Lucy Rider Meyer Hall at Providence, Rhode Island, is amply supplied with reading. If any *Cheerful Letter* workers are sending to that address, please discontinue.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

SCHOOLROOM ETHICS.

There is one unwritten law by which no child must ever become a tale-bearer; that is, must never tell the teacher the faults of another child, whether himself the victim or another. It is sometimes foolish and sometimes wrong. The law was made by tyrants and bullies, too cowardly to bear the results of their own actions or the just punishments which would follow. It ought to be abolished, but until this can be done, it must be regarded as a factor in the situation, and the teachers ought to remember how little they know what really has happened when they blame a child for seeming misconduct or unkindness.

I mention one or two illustrations which came under my own observations.

I once, when a child, went to a school where the teacher had a strict rule against any communication between the scholars. At the end of the session every day, she asked all those who had communicated to stand up and they were obliged to remain for five minutes after school in perfect silence.

There was this objection to this method, that those children who were very conscientious often accused themselves of having broken the silence, when others less honorable did not confess that they had done something flagrant.

I remember, for instance, that when a girl asked me to lend her my knife, I could not well refuse to let her take it; so I stayed in to expiate the crime of handing her my knife, while she walked off in conscious virtue, admired by the teacher as a good girl. In fact, I stayed in almost every day, for there were very few days that there was not some slight action that might be considered communication, although I was not to blame for them.

One day, the girl who had borrowed my knife, whom I will call Sarah, felt obliged to remain the five minutes. The teacher in a surprised tone said, "You too, Sarah, my best friend!"

Another girl, whom we will call Ella, looked at me and said something about being a favorite, which unfortunately was overheard both by scholar and teacher, and Sarah burst out crying. She said we had something against her and felt very much displeased both with Ella and with me.

The teacher kept us both after school and very severely reproved us and told us how wrong it was for us to be jealous of Sarah's superior virtues; and besides, she, the teacher, had a right herself to select her friends. She forgot that of the scholars she had called Sarah her best friend. She made it clear that it was not a matter of personal affection, but that she was a better girl than Ella or I, because she did not play or talk so often as we did.

I remember Ella's expression of sudden anger and how angry the teacher was with both of us, but neither of us thought for a moment of justifying ourselves and at Sarah's expense, although we could easily have done so. L. F. C.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

LITTLE SHEPHERD DOGS.

The best of these dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful.

While we were exclaiming, the assistant

herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, with their hands in their pockets, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed loath to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and, while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene comes back to me—the vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature, with the sore foot and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canyons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep!

I wonder if any preacher of the gospel ever searched for lost sheep under circumstances more hard and with more painful sacrifices. But, then, we must not expect too much from *men*. It is the *dog* that stands for fidelity and sacrifice. The best part of man is the dog that is in him.—*By Dio Lewis, in Our Dumb Animals.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

(Continued from last number.)

South-West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit

before related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the Valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade; the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into a beard of whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze of the side of those eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the

mug's turn to be made into spoons, it had broke little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour out the gold into bars, when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farer well look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery clouds burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room and under the table, and a great many times behind him; but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what's that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-lira!" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle o

to boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-la-ra-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right; it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in great delight, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice began clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace and looked in. The mold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and as polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck could not move.

"Will you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which particles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite

correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell half-way to the ground in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative in expression of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.—*John Ruskin.*

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM A SOLDIER IN FRANCE.

April 29, 1918. A week ago I came down here to help out — and have added another interesting chapter to my experience. The "Y" here is serving a section of the motor transport drivers and covers quite a lot of territory. The work is mostly road work. We get into one of the huge trucks, put in a good supply of provisions, and make the rounds. At present the men have no regular quarters, but seem fairly comfortable sleeping in the *camions* themselves.

During the past few weeks they were quite busy, as you can imagine, but at the present are marking time. Under such circumstances you can imagine the importance and interest of the trips of the "Y" trucks; the word quickly passes round that the "Y" is coming, and before I can get off the front seat, there is a long line waiting for their cigarettes, tobacco, canned milk, sardines, tooth-paste, etc. We have a large sign on the back of the truck, "Money Sent Home Free,"—and it is most gratifying to see how much we take in for the folks at home. We collect the money, give a receipt for it, send it to the Y. M. C. A. headquarters at Paris, and they send it to America free of charge. It is a great scheme.

We also cash checks for the men, P.O. orders, make deposits in the Paris banks, and serve in any way to connect up their

nomad existence with civilization. In case of a long convey, we find out where they will be at certain times and serve them hot chocolate and cookies free of charge. When a man has been "rolling" all day long and a night ahead of him, he needs just such a stimulant to keep him going. It means very uncertain hours for the "Y" men, but the unstinted approval of the men makes it worth while.

Last Sunday, — put the piano on the truck, picked out a choir of a dozen voices, and made the tour of the whole section, stopping here and there for a song service and a brief religious meeting.

Another man here is Baldrige, the artist, who has done much good work for *Leslie's* and *Scribner's*. He showed me some of his drawings the other day. They are excellent, and do more to give you an idea of conditions over here than anything else I have seen. I tried to urge him to have his sketches bound as Bairnsfather has, so we could all have them for reference after the war. He is too artistic however, and once a thing is done, he loses interest in it. He is technically in the French service and is drawing his five sous per day. You will be interested in his sketches in *Leslie's*.

I must not forget Dick, the tame magpie, mascot of this groupment. He is always around looking for something to eat, and when the boys catch him he calls "Lemme go" quite plainly. He never associates with the wild magpies in the neighborhood.

April 30. Still here. The only way we have to bathe here is in a tub made of the tin lining of a big Lucky Strike cigarette box.

May 5. I am now on my way back, having stayed two weeks instead of one. — got back yesterday morning after passing the night in his *camion*, which was stuck in a big hole alongside the road. We immediately got to work and hustled all day long until we got back about eleven o'clock at night. This morning we got up at 5.30 and went about twenty kilometres, where — held a communion service at seven o'clock. At 9.30 the large *camion* appeared with the piano and six singers aboard, and we had a regular service, mixing up religious and patriotic songs. At the end of the service the pianist played whatever the crowd called for, and soon we had "Over There" and all the popular songs of the times.

The country is beautiful now. The apple-trees are in blossom, and all the trees in

leaf. Spring has now reached the state of development that Aix had before I left there two and a half weeks ago. . . .

The work up where I have been has been exceedingly interesting, not dangerous while I was there. It is thrilling, however, on a day like yesterday when there are heavy clouds scattered here and there to see three or four Boche planes emerge from one of the clouds and then, when the French get after them, to see them disappear for safety back into the cloud.

The German planes never make their raids during daylight unless there are clouds.

The Allies stop at nothing, a fact which proves the latter's superiority in the air, to my mind.

— and I went to see the damage done by a bomb in the little village close by. I had, by some miracle, avoided the houses closely huddled together, and had chosen the stone wall of a beautiful little garden for its work. A few feet in either direction would have carried death to some of the poor villagers. We went in to see the owner of the garden, a brave little woman of about thirty. She was lying in bed with her two-weeks-old babe when the explosion occurred. The fumes from the bomb blew in at her open window and filled the room. She thought of course that it was a gas bomb, and that she and her baby and her six-year-old daughter were doomed, but after a little choking they were all perfectly well except for the little girl, whose nerves were completely shattered. Madame stopped her washing and took us in to see the baby. There it was, done up something like a Indian papoose, wide awake, and looking as if nothing had troubled him or ever would. We asked Madame how she happened to be doing washing when the babe was only two weeks old. She said she had no one with her but her little daughter; her husband was away at the front, and the washing had to be done. Anyway, she had a good long rest for seven days after the baby came and that ought to be enough for anybody. . . .

May 15. I am sitting in the steamboat rented by the "Y," waiting for the crowd to return from a visit to Hautecombe Abbey. The Abbey was interesting; I drank in as much as I could in a few minutes and then returned to the boat. It is a beautiful day, the cloud effects wonderful, the hills are covered with green, dotted by the pale yellow of the locust, and the water a lovely green.

(To be continued.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

GLOUCESTER RIDDLE.

Cut ff my head, and irregular I am:
Cut ff my tail, and plural I appear:
Cut ff my head and tail, and, strange t say,
Although my body's left, there's nothing
there.

What is my tail cut ff? a rolling river:
What is my head cut ff? a bounding sea:
Within whose shining depths I play serene;
Parent f sweet sounds, yet mute forever.

—C. D. (not original).

II.

FIND THE FILL-IN WORDS.

We have here the first and last letters
given to six words. Insert a word between
them and by so doing form another word.
It is fascinating work. Try it.

1. The first letter is H. The last letter
is T. The three intervening letters spell
an organ of the body, and the whole is
another organ of the body. (Example:
Ear—heart.)

2. The first letter is C. The last is Y.
The three intervening letters spell a com-
mon conjunction and the whole is confec-
tionery.

3. The first letter is M. The last is D.
The three intervening letters spell the sin-
gle spot on a die and the whole is seasoned
with a certain spice.

4. The first letter is G. The last is R.
The five intervening letters spell to speak
and the whole spells channels for carrying
off water.

5. The first letter is S. The last is S.
The four intervening letters spell seamen
who manage a ship and the whole is ex-
tortioners.

—Selected.

III.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In war, but not in peace.
In air, but not in vice.
In shell, but not in gun.
In peace, but not in vessel.
In you, but not in they.
In tin, but not in lead.
In ice, but not in water.
In near, but not in far.
My whole is a Russian monk.

IV.

PI.

Yb eht dreu drgebi htat chdear hte lofdo,
Herti glaf ot palr'si zerebe fneludur,
Erhe coen het bamletdet remafns tosd,
Dna defri hte tsoh derah duron het dowlr.

V.

FAMOUS MEN.

H-R-T--N-L-O-. An English na-
val officer.

W-L-I-M-U-L-N-R-A-T. An
American poet.

P-I-L-P-B-O-K-S. A famous
minister.

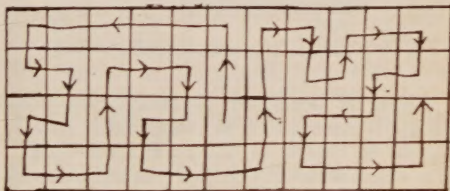
-H-R-E--U-N-R. A Massachu-
setts Senator.

A-F-E--E-N-S--. An English
poet.

Answers to puzzles in the July-August
number.

I. BEHEADINGS: Wheat, heat, eat, at, t.

II. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS:



Henry D. Thoreau.
Theodore Parker.
Napoleon Bonaparte.

III. REVERSIBLE WORDS: 1. Ward—draw.
2. Brag—grab. 3. Flog—golf. 4. Elim—
mile.

IV. FIVE MIXED PROVERBS: "Look be-
fore you leap." "The more the merrier."
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the
bush." "A new broom sweeps clean."
"Where there's a will there's a way."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No theology is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper

location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be discontinued through the summer months.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to anyone who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.